

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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"BARKING DOGS NEVER BITE."



SILVER AND GOLD.

UPON the beach one day
I tightly closed my hand
Upon some silver sand
That ebb'd and ebb'd away;
For not a shining grain
Would in my palm remain.

Oh! hand of shape most queer,
That never can retain
Of sand one silver grain,
Nor e'en the ever dear
Gold coins I highly prize,
Though of the cartwheel size.

R. K. M.

FORTUNATE.

CENSUS MAN.—Are you married?
HAPPY DAD.—You bet!
CENSUS MAN.—Have you any family?
HAPPY DAD.—Yes, siree! And, say! It's awful lucky
you came to-day instead of yesterday!
CENSUS MAN.—Eh? Why?
HAPPY DAD.—'Cause I had n't any yesterday.

WHERE ONE IS NEEDED.

"But," said the Chinese statesman, "the foreign governments
have taken the ground that the Boxer movement is inspired solely by
our government."

"Humph! Well," re-
plied a government of-
ficial, "in that case we
will be demonstrating to
the world that our gov-
ernment still has some-
thing of a sphere of in-
fluence in China."

TRANSIT.

We stood by the open
grave of the great man.

"Sic transit gloria!" I ex-
claimed, with emotion.

"Underground transit,
too!" muttered my com-
panion, in a hollow voice.

I now regarded the fellow
more narrowly and discovered
that he seemed to be an in-
habitant of the Greater New
York and somewhat demented.

THE SENATORIAL oratory
of the day is not precise-
ly intoxicating. Too many
Beveridges are mostly collar.

WALKING DELEGATE.—
We have just made a terrible
discovery about Bryan.

WORKMAN.—What?
WALKING DELEGATE.—
The hat through which he has
been talking to laboring men
has no Union label on it.



PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXI.

A KING WHO LOSES A BIG BUNCH OF SUBJECTS
EVERY TIME WE BUILD AN AQUEDUCT.



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AN EMERGENCY.

ASSISTANT.—The Irish stew has burned.

CHEF.—Well, put some spice in it and add "À la Français" to
its name on the menu.

THE LION.

"Now, somebody," observed the British Lion, reflectively, "tied that
knot in my tail to remind me of something, doubtless; but what it is I
can't recall at this moment."

AT THE BALL GAME.

HE.—I suppose you know what a rooter is?

SHE.—Why, of course! A rooter is a man who acts
as if he was crazy.

IN PEKIN.

FIRST CHINAMAN.—Anything special going on at the palace?
SECOND CHINAMAN.—Nothing unusual;—merely a crisis.

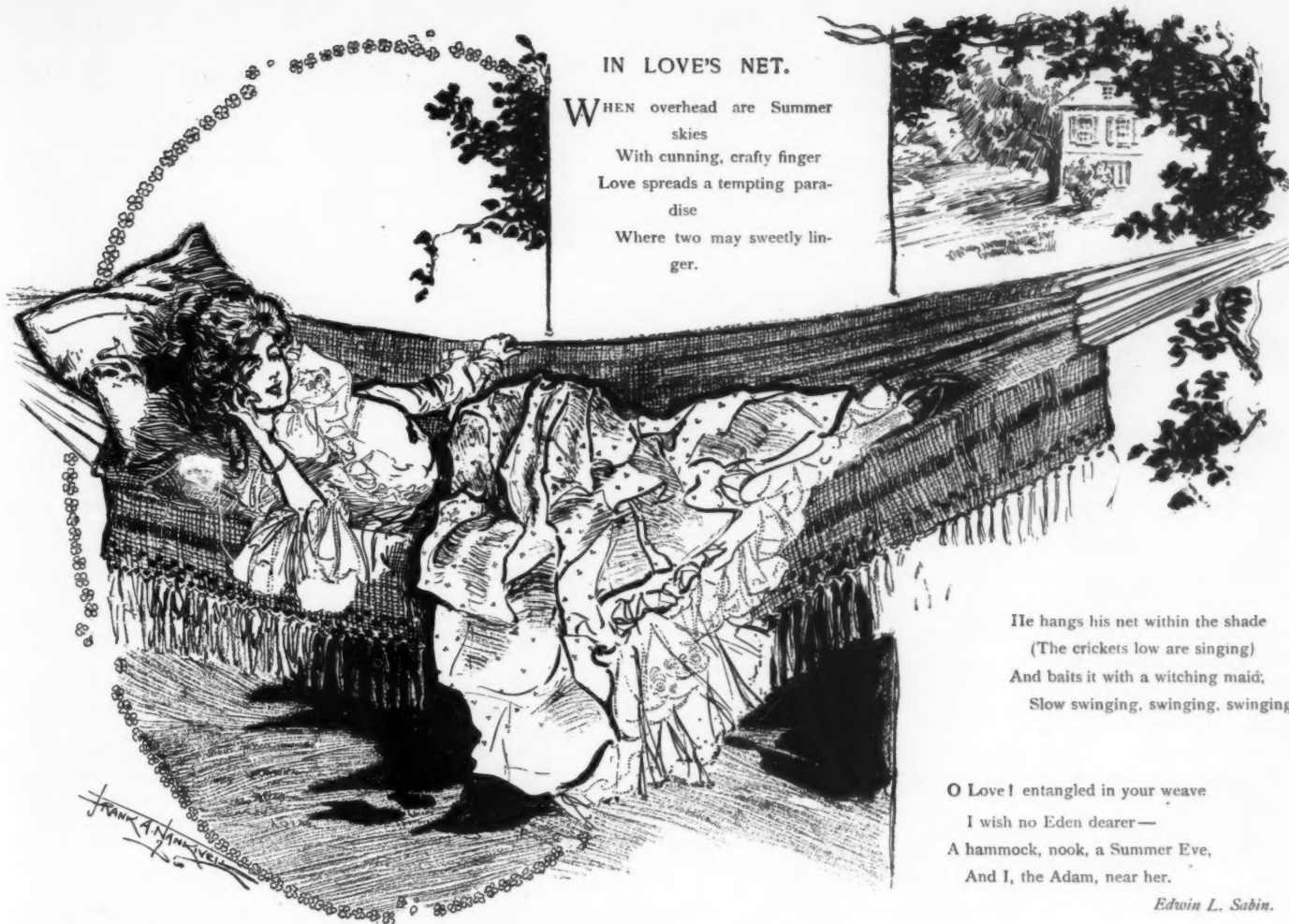
OOM PAUL is not the first man who has found that throw-
ing down the gauntlet was merely a preliminary to
throwing up the sponge.

MAY.—Clara is the luckiest girl in our class.

BELLE.—What has happened to her?

MAY.—She got a lovely frame for her graduation diploma and now
she is going to use it for her marriage certificate, instead.





IN LOVE'S NET.
 WHEN overhead are Summer
 skies
 With cunning, crafty finger
 Love spreads a tempting para-
 dise
 Where two may sweetly lin-
 ger.

He hangs his net within the shade
 (The crickets low are singing)
 And baits it with a witching maid;
 Slow swinging, swinging, swinging.

O Love! entangled in your weave
 I wish no Eden dearer—
 A hammock, nook, a Summer Eve,
 And I, the Adam, near her.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE LOCOMOTIVE, THE COW AND THE LAWYER.

A FABLE.



SPOTTED HOLSTEIN Heifer once opposed a certain Railway Project, and was badly hit in the General Smash-up. In fact, for many weeks she could walk only on Three Legs, and for a whole season was compelled to forego her customary Vernal Diversion of dancing on Tulip Patches and Onion Beds.

Thereupon the Holstein Heifer secured the services of an Able Attorney, and brought suit against the Railroad Company for Ten Thousand Dollars as compensation for Injuries Suffered. She produced Witnesses galore, who testified that the Engineer neglected to sound the Whistle to warn her of the Train's Approach and give her an opportunity to save herself by frisking along ahead of the Engine. The Railroad Company also produced Witnesses, as numerous as a rich bachelor's heirs, who swore that the Whistle sounded so loud that they contemplated suing the Company for Producing Deafness.

The Case finally went into the Jury's hands. Said the Jurors among themselves: "How many Witnesses did the Defendant produce?" "Eighty-Six," answered those of the Twelve Peers who had kept a record of the Number. "Yes, and how many Witnesses had the Plaintiff?" "Just Eighty-Seven." "Then, Gentlemen," said the Jurors among themselves, "the Case is plain as a north and south Highway."

The spotted Holstein Heifer received a verdict for Five Thousand Dollars, and began trying to work up a Milk Route in order to be able to pay her Witnesses for some Expert Testimony.

That same season the Able Attorney purchased a Summer Cottage for Five Thousand Dollars.

MORAL.—The Matter litigated is usually bad enough without mixing a Lawyer up in it.

W. G. Brooks.

LANGUAGE is the vehicle of thought. Dialect is one of those bottle-green traps with yellow wheels in which the passengers ride backwards.

SOME PEOPLE have such a knack of getting along that if they were confronted with the two horns of a dilemma they would probably blow one and drink the other.

THE PROBABLE REASON.

NORTHERN TOURIST (in Arkansas).—Can you tell me, Colonel, why so many lynchings occur here?

COLONEL KLANK.—I reckon, suh, it is because the infuhnal niggahs can't outrun us, suh!

AROUSING HIM.

MRS. DIMPLETON.—It is time to give the baby his milk and the dear little soul is asleep. I want him to wake naturally.

DIMPLETON.—That's easy. I'll snore a few times.



AS TO THE TOWN CRIER.

"They say that in his youth he was ambitious to be a preacher."

"Sayest thou so? Yet I think he hath found a calling in which folks will pay more heed to what he hath to say!"



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WHEN POLLY LEARNS TO SWIM.

"I SHOULD THINK," said Polly, eying the waves with evident distrust, "I should think it would be much nicer to learn the—the motions, you know, on land and then, after I knew just what to do with my arms and—feet, to go into the water—just a little water; don't you?"

"The idea has at least the merit of originality, Polly," said I, "but as one seldom has an opportunity for swimming on land that kind of an aquatic education would not profit you much."

Polly looked doubtfully from me to the ocean, and from the ocean to her bathing dress, which was a brand-new one, and for some reason seemed to alarm Polly every time she looked down and found it there. Now she tried to lengthen the skirt by tugging desperately at the waistband, and, looking up to find my gaze upon her, she blushed rosily and frowned again at the sea.

"Then you think we—I—we'd better learn in the water?"

I assented. Polly sighed dolefully.

"Well, then, come on." I offered my hand.

"The idea!" cried Polly; "with all those horrid people looking right at us!"

"I don't believe, Polly, that out of the several hundred persons in sight more than twelve know of our existence."

Polly's expression became one of mingled surprise, relief and disappointment. She held out her hand, and together we braved the terrors of four and a half inches of surging sea. At that depth she paused and looked at me expectantly.

"Now—now what shall I do?"

"I believe we agreed first to go into the water."

"Water?" gasped Polly. "More than this? 'Way out there where those other people are?" I nodded.

"Never!" said Polly, firmly.

"But how, I ask you, can I teach you to swim if you won't go into the water? This may be an excellent place to learn the rudiments of squat-tag or mumble-peg, but as a scene of action for—"

"I don't care," said Polly.

"I did n't think it was so—so wet, and so nasty. And I don't believe—I want—to—learn to swim—to-day."

"Let us compromise, Polly.

We will go out until the waves wet your skirt. That's fair, is n't it?" Polly looked doubtful for a moment.

"Well," she said, "but you'll be very careful, won't you?"

Five minutes later Polly stood clutching me wildly in two feet of ocean. The little waves curled about her and caused her to shriek wildly as they foamed by. But her skirt was wet at the hem, and a spirit of reckless daring took hold upon her.

"Let's—let's sit down!"

But at the moment she happened to cast a backward glance toward the beach and home and the dry land.

"Dear me!" whispered Polly; "it's—it's an awful long way to the bath house, is n't it?"

"At least two hundred feet," I answered gravely.

"And—and supposing a tidal wave were to come along and sweep us away? Would n't it be better, safer, you know, to keep nearer the—shore?"

"Polly," said I, desperately, "the last tidal wave died of old age in the Bay of Fundy a week ago come Friday; the bath house will remain just where you see it now; there is not the slightest danger of being swept out to sea, and—and—Polly, if you don't instantly come out here where you'll at least get your feet wet, I'll carry you out in my arms!" Polly giggled hysterically, but held her ground—or rather, her surf.



"You're nasty, and—and not a bit patient with me. I *do* like people to be patient with me!" She was beginning to look aggrieved, and as Polly with a grievance is quite beyond discipline, I hastened to cause a diversion.

"Polly, look quick! That man there! See him? With a camera, Polly!"

"O-oo!" shrieked Polly. "Where?"

"Behind you! Quick!" Polly gave one terrified look at the man with the black box, and headed directly for the coast of northern Spain. When I came up with her she was floundering to her waist and still heading out to sea.

"Ugh!" said Polly.

"What's the matter? You were doing finely."

"It's salt!"

"The water? Yes, a little. Did you expect to find it a sort of raspberry phosphate?"

"Of course, I knew it was salt, but—I guess I must have forgotten about it. I wish I could rinse my mouth out; it's so—so—don't you think there's a *great deal* of salt in it? More than necessary?"

"Well, perhaps it is a bit over-salted. But just think how lucky it is that it is n't peppered, too!"

"Yes; that is something to be thankful for," replied Polly, thoughtfully. "I expect it must be a good deal like the mosquitos, don't you?"



"I had n't thought of it, Polly. In what way, please, is the Atlantic Ocean like a mosquito?"

"Why, I mean—you know Papa says we ought to be thankful that mosquitos have n't *two* stingy-things."

"Very true; 'two stingy-things;' exactly. Now, if you please, we will continue with the programme."

"Don't you think I have learned enough for to-day? I know all about kicking out my—kicking out my feet, and doing *so* with my arms, and keeping my mouth shut and my eyes open, and not holding on to you when I see a wave coming, and—Oh! I've learned a great deal, have n't I?"

"You have, Polly; and perhaps some day you will learn to do all those things at one and the same time. Performing them in rotation is not nearly so effective, you see. It is well enough to 'do so' with your arms, and to kick out; but when you stop 'doing so' just as soon as you begin kicking out, the result is neither graceful nor progressive."

"Now you're horrid!" cried Polly. "I think I've done *very well*, indeed! And, of course, I must learn the rudiments of the—of the art—is swimming an art?—before I do anything else, must n't I? And if swallowing gallons and gallons of horrid, nasty, salty water has anything to do with the rudiments, I think I've had rudiments enough. I shan't want any salt at table for weeks and weeks! Shall you? And don't—don't you think it is getting very near lunch time?"

We left the surging main, and Polly stopped at the water's edge to survey the scene of her recent triumph. Her oilskin cap was tilted rakishly over her right ear, and her hair was plainly upon the point of coming down. Her bathing-dress was wet from collar to hem and dripped from every corner and fold. Both shoes were untied, and one stock—Polly felt my gaze upon her and turned with a blush.

"I suppose I look a perfect fright, don't I?"

I shook my head.

"You see, that's the trouble about swimming," with an air of great experience; "it makes—"

"The trouble with what, Polly?"

"With swim—with learning to swim. It makes you so ugly when you get through." Polly put her hands to her head and instantly shrieked. Then,

"Well, anyway, I don't care!" She pointed to a spot on the distant horizon and turned with sparkling eyes.

"Just think! I was 'way out there!" cried Polly. "Don't you think I'm *awfully* brave?"

Richard Stillman Powell.



THE MUSCULAR PEST.

Oh! for the days that are no more, I wish I had then lived, alas!
When, clad from head to heel, So I could firmly stand
And even on their hands men wore And give the laugh to some young ass
Dress fabrics made of steel. Who tried to grip my hand.

THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.



THE DELIGHTS of the flesh and the spirit are mine;
The world's oldest glory, the newest design,
My couch supersweet, and my garb superfine;
I stand on the Andes, I lave in the Rhine;
With Shakspeare I chat, with Lucullus I dine;
Havana's rare incense floats up at my shrine,
Libations are poured of Olympian wine.
I am heir to the ages which merge and combine
The Yankees' mechanics, the arts of the Greeks;
Yet man is but human, and this is the sign —
My Automobile Squeaks!

In every poem is a little of prose,
A fly in the ointment, a thorn to the rose,
A dream of displeasure in every repose,
Each closet some skeleton has to disclose,
The silkiest leather first scuffs at the toes,
The noblest of eyes flank a plebeian nose.
There are troubles enough to go round, Heaven knows!
There's a tooth at the heart of each one, I suppose;
There are crosses and losses and perils and piques,
But mine the most exquisite, keenest of woes,
My Automobile Squeaks!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

AN ANCIENT sage sat in a shady corner of a Roman temple,
with his head bowed in deep thought.
"It must be possible," he muttered to himself — "it must be
possible, and yet what a stupendous calculation!"
On his knee lay his wax tablets, with mystic names inscribed on
them. Across the top was marked XLIX and below this XVII. Lower
down the sage had marked a line across the wax with a stick. His



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OUT OF THE QUESTION.

ISAACS.—Vill you endorse dis two-months' note of mine, Cohenstein?
COHENSTEIN.—I vould, Isaacs, only for vun t'ing! I ain't goin' to
fail myself for three months!



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ON THE BANKS OF THE ERIE.

FIRST CANAL-BOAT MATRON.—Got yer house-cleanin' done yet, 'Liza?
SECOND CANAL-BOAT MATRON.—Yes;—all but ter calk the parlor floor!

disciples stood around him, gazing with anxiety at the
learned man.

"Master," they pleaded, "it is now three days that you
have taken neither food nor wine. Abandon the calculation.
It is insoluble."

The sage rose and closed his tablets with a sigh. "I
give it up," he said, wearily; "such a calculation surpasses
human thought."

It was Philipino, the great mathematician of Syracuse,
and he had been trying to multiply 49 by 17, in Roman
figures.

Stephen Leacock.

TO BE CONSIDERED.

"Goin' to New York, Silas? You ought to
run over to Paris."

"I might if I understood French."

"Well, not understandin' it, Silas, you
might be harder to bunco."

THE LIMIT.

"Is it really such a bad book?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, it's almost bad
enough to dramatize!"

THE TENTH MUSE.

"Who is this person?" asked one of the tuneful
nine. "She claims to be a relative of ours, but I don't
know her."

"Poor thing!" said the sister-Muse. "She's suffering
from a hallucination. She presides over magazine poetry
and she thinks she's a Muse!"

A DEFORMITY.

With wealth what strange afflictions come
And round their victims seem to linger;
Dick Newrich has the coupon thumb,
His wife, the Company Little Finger.

IT WOULD seem, at times, that wrangling between lawyers
is nine points of the law.

THE BALANCE of power, children, is simply the agency
through which power is unbalanced.

WHAT A good many people call high thinking consists, not
infrequently, of disparaging opinions of other people.





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THE ELEPHANT'S PLANK.

"Fellow-citizens of the Jungle," said the monkey, "various as our interests may be, can't we find some platform on which we may all stand?"

"That 's right," put in the elephant. "Let us denounce menageries!"

PHYLLIS—AND HER GARDEN HOSE.



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SWEETEST thing my fancy knows,
Song of bird or scent of rose—
Is Phyllis with her garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Flowers waken from their sleep,
Birds from leafy bowers peep—
When Phyllis comes with garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Like the breath of dewy morn
Seems on gentle breezes borne
Phyllis with her garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Diamond drops on roses fall,
Rainbows glisten over all—
Phyllis with her garden hose,
Phyllis, in her garden.

"Gems of beauty fit for kings,"
"Jewelled dew-drops,"—thus she sings,—
Phyllis with her garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Now the wanton wind reveals
That which ravished vision steals—
Phyllis in her garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Dainty curves in swirl of lace
Flash from silken hiding place—
Phyllis in her garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Pretty Phyllis—naughty wind,
Think you that my love is blind?
This has been my heart's undoing,
Soon will follow ardent wooing—
Phyllis in her garden hose;
Phyllis, in her garden.

Eloi De Vaux.

EASILY FOUND.

JIMSON.—Do you believe that the office seeks the man?
SIMSON.—I do; and nine times out of ten it finds him in a saloon.

NOT NECESSARY.

LANDLADY.—You 'll have to pay in advance, sir. You are a stranger.
NEW BOARDER.—Oh! that 's all right, Ma'am! I'm an easy fellow
to get acquainted with.



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HIS CLAIM.

"An' thim prices is what yez call chape?"
"Sure, dey vos cheap! Vy, Missus, I vos a regular traveling
pargain counter!"

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE SIMON-PURE. THE SO-CALLED "Gold" Democrats did a good work four years ago by keeping alive, as it were, the franchise of the Democratic party. They proved that the faith had not died out. A few true Democrats staid by the altar and religiously kept its fires lighted. It is to be hoped that these faithful ones will perform the same service this year. There are not enough of them to affect the main result, and it will be no more than a matter of mere sentiment. But mere sentiment, after all, is the greatest force in the world, barring none. Let the "Gold" Democrats, therefore, put up their candidates on a platform of plain, sane Democracy, so that the rest of us may have no reason to forget what the real thing is; and so that the wandering prodigals may have a beacon to guide them when they shall be well from their Populistic debauch, and shall have ceased to take the name of Thomas Jefferson in vain. It will be a fine thing for the faithful ones to remember, that they remained the staunch nucleus of a political party opposed equally to the two parties of special privilege: one with its special privileges to Capital, the other with its special privileges to Labor. By another four years we should have learned that it is not necessary to choose the lesser of two evils when something better than either may be had for the asking.

SUNDAY SPORTS. SIMPLE AS it may appear to one of understanding, the lower classes are slow to see that they can not safely be allowed such latitude in the matter of Sabbath recreation as is the unquestionable due of their superiors. A lack of culture, of respect for authority and of training in pure logic lie at the root of the difficulty. If the common people could cool their passions and view the problem abstractly and without senseless prejudice, even for five minutes, they would detect their own sophistry. Leisure is by far the most dangerous of social forces. Like any other explosive it can be safely handled only by those familiar with its properties. A gentleman, trained to its use from childhood, may be trusted to enjoy it as fitly on the Sabbath as on any other day; he is a pillar of Law and Order and no lawless instincts seek to pull him down in a general ruin of Church and State. With a person of the lower classes it is different. Of service to the community only when he toils, he is apt to be a menace to its peace when he is not toiling. Unfamiliar with leisure since early childhood, he is prone to squander his one day in seven, instead of devoting it to Church, prayer, fasting, scripture-readings and the anxious contemplation of his latter end. As an example, we cite recent news items in the daily press. The village of Cold Spring in this State has a contingent of wealthy Summer residents who, as is meet with those accustomed to leisure, play golf on the Sabbath as they do on other days. They are people of true culture and refinement, and play their game decorously in tasteful uniforms, lending pleasant spots of color and vivacity to the grassy mead. Yet they have been subjected to the annoyance of gangs of rowdy mechanics and iron-moulders who take to the fields each Sabbath, in imitation of their betters, and play at base-ball. Their manners are coarse, their speech rude, their voices often loud, and of their clothing the less said the better. The golf-players sought to prevent this unholy exhibition but—and we relate it with shame for the decay of our institutions,—they have thus far been unsuccessful. The village council has encouraged a spirit of anarchy by assuring the deluded ball-players that they have the same rights as their superiors. It is a deplorable situation and one for which Church and State should unite to seek a remedy. Perhaps the simplest way would be to find scriptural authority for keeping this lawless element at its work seven days in the week. If they make no good use of their one talent, why should it not be taken from them?

THE BRITISH SISTER-IN-LAW.

IT IS N'T so hard, after all, to find a little encouragement almost every day to keep on living. And when a morsel is thrown out by the British House of Lords, it ought to contain nourishment for many days' sustenance. For something like three hundred and fifty years this august body of thinkers has declared the marriage of a man with his dead wife's sister to be a crime. We do not find that the British Peers have been regarded as idiots during this period, possibly for the reason that not more than one Briton in five thousand ever wants to marry his dead wife's sister. Otherwise we doubt if that sublime spirit of flunkeyism in the British make-up would have survived so galling a test. Be that as it may, a body of radicals achieved the notion some fifty years ago that if a man does happen to wish to marry his dead wife's sister he has a right to do so, barring objections from the lady herself. These radicals called themselves The Marriage Law Reform Association and set out in a deliberate British way to make trouble. And they kept at it with true British tenacity. Bills repealing the objectionable statute have many times passed the Commons, only to be haughtily ignored by the Lords. But the wedge has at last entered. The Peers have now conceded that, while it is still criminal for a man to wed his sister-in-law in England, he may do so with propriety in certain of the colonies, and such marriage shall be recognized in England as lawful and the issue thereof as legitimate. Is it not an interesting world to live in, after all?

INSURRECTION IN PROSPECT.

SHANK.—I tell you, the Administration has enough on its hands with the Philippine affair and the Chinese imbroglio. It had better go a little slow about stirring up any new difficulties.

O'SHAW.—What 's up now?

SHANK.—Oh! nothing for certain; but I think the federal government in its census had better given Chicago the two million inhabitants.

THE ORATORS.

Now orators with golden words,
Gild o'er the chunk of junk,
The sorry brick Spain sold us
For twenty million plunk.



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THE EXPLANATION.

SHE.—Miss Flirty? Oh! she has n't the slightest intention of accepting him.

GRANDMA.—Then, why does she encourage him?

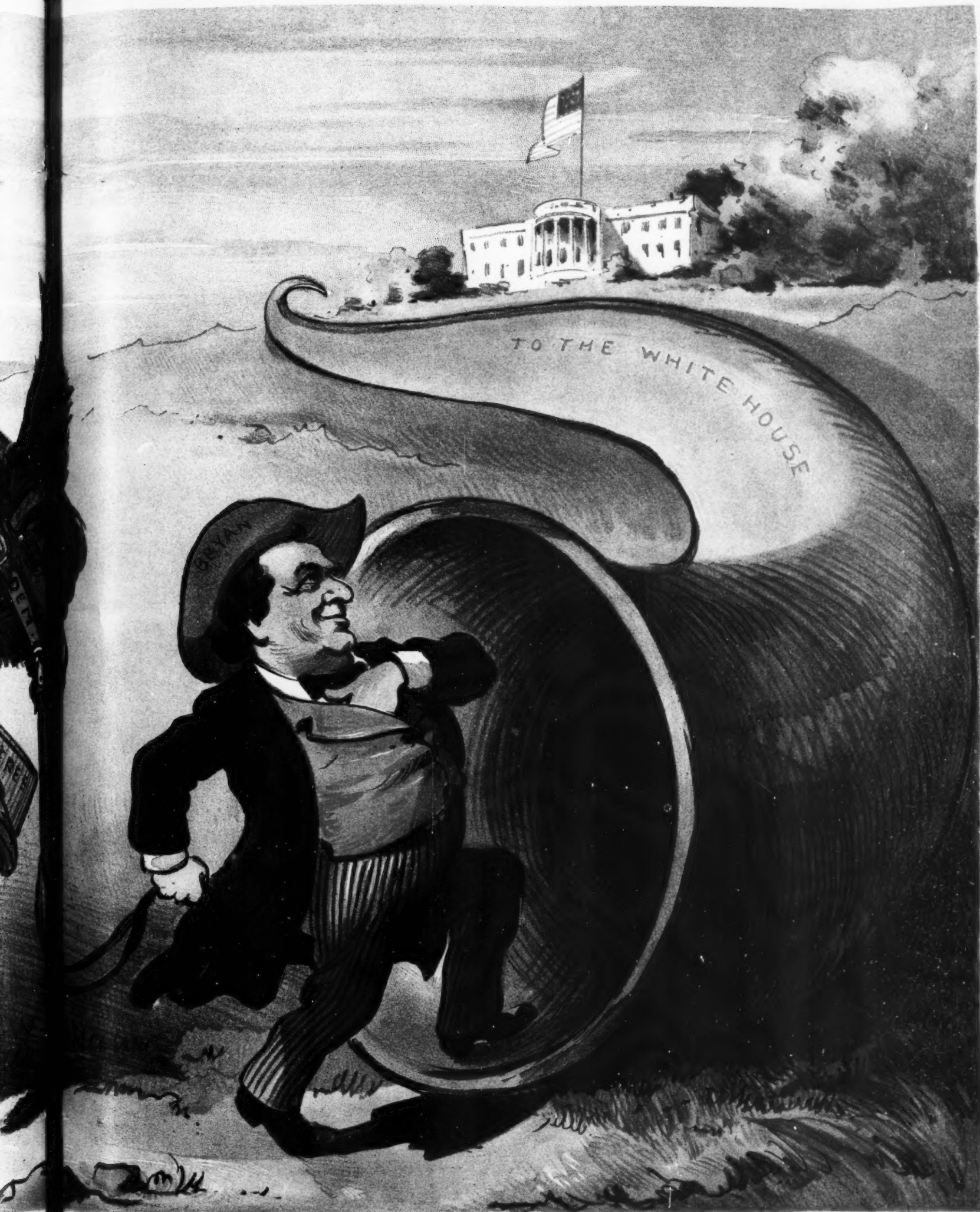
SHE.—Well, just now, there is no one else to encourage.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A HARD GAME OF FLOW

K.

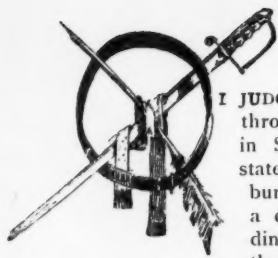


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E OF FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

CHAPTER XXI.—ROODEVAL.



I JUDGE by the raypor-rts thot the inthrance av the Br-ritish throops into Pretoria was wan av the foineest soights iver seen in South Afriky. The Gyar-rds mar-rchin' pr-rroud an' stately, an' the flags floyin' an' the dr-rums batin' an' the burghers cheerin' an' the raypor-rters takin' notes an' havin' a dhrink—it was gr-reat. An' the minnit the correspondints sint their despaches, they hurried to Waterval, where the Br-ritish prisoners wor—or sint Gin'ral Frinch there—an' raylased some thirty-foive hundred av those br-rave but unfortunit min. Oi judge it was the correspondints did this, an' not Roberts, because they minton it in their despaches an' he has n't said annything about it in his. Oi think, meself, it was a great piece av carelessness in Botha to lave so many prisoners wit'in rache av thim bould an' interproisin' correspondints.

Well, the day afther Pretoria was taken, Lor-rd Roberts sint a cable-gr-ram, an' wan the nixt day; but the day afther he sint none. An' iverybody in London winked at iverybody else an' shmiled an' said, "He's up to some game!" An' the nixt day he sint no word an' they shmiled an' winked ag'in an' says, "Impor-rtant movemints is on fut, but the press-cinser will allow no news to come through for fear the Boers moight get on to the manewvers whin they get the mor-rnin' papers." An' the nixt day there was no news; an' they says, "Begob! this must be the most masterly sthrategy we've had yit!" But a day or two afther thot there was news, only it kem from Kelly-Kenny at Bloemfontein an' it says, "That ould divil De Wet is at his thricks ag'in. He has cut the woires at Roodeval an' we don't know what has happened to Lor-rd Roberts since Chewsdä'. We're rushin' throops north, an' we'll raypair the railroad as soon as we can, an' we hope to get pr-rovisions to His Lor-rdship befor he is compelled to live on mule-soup." An' the War Office tillygraphed, "Where is the Fourth Derbyshires that was at Roodeval?" An' Kelly-Kenny answered, "De Wet has thim. He knows a good thing when he sees it." (Av coorse, these tillygrams was not published jist in this shape.)

But Roberts, though he was thus isolated by a force av th' inimy istimated at two thousand min an' six guns, did not become in the laste discouraged. He ordered Hunter to mar-rch from wan place an' Methuen from another an' the great Kitchener to jine Methuen befor he got to De Wet—jist in case av accidents—an' Kelly-Kenny, he sint for throops from Cape Colony, an' Oi'm tould—but may be this is not thure—that he cabled to England for two more ar-rmy corpses an' the War Office tillygraphed to the throops in Inja an' Gibralthar to hould thimsilves ready to sail at wanst to get Roberts out av a thrap. Annyhow, whin they assimbled some forty or fifty thousand min, more or less, they advanced bouldly on De Wet. He was gr-reatly ann'yed. "T is har-rd luck," says he, "thot ivery toime Oi sit down to rest meself afther capturin' a rigimint, the whole Br-ritish ar-rmy must be on top av me! But Oi suppose there's nothin' to do but scatter!" An' Methuen an' Kitchener kem along loike a whir-rlwind an' routed him—accordin' to the despaches; but whether he's much the wor-rse for it Oi can not say. An' the tillygraph loine was raypaired an' Roberts was able to sind wor-rd to his admoirin' counthrymin thot there



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HE WANTS TO KNOW.

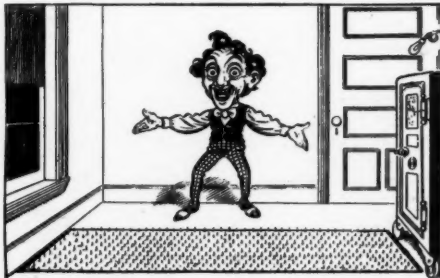
THE FROG.—I wish I was a lady's pet!

THE DOG.—You a lady's pet? Absurd!

THE FROG.—What's the matter? Don't you think I'm ugly enough?

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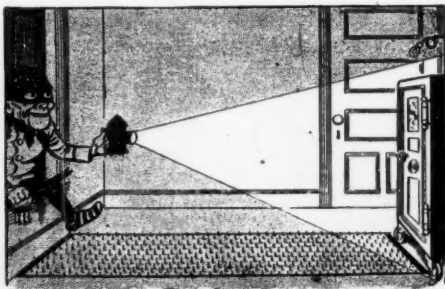
EVERY BURGLAR HIS OWN BURGLAR-ALARM.



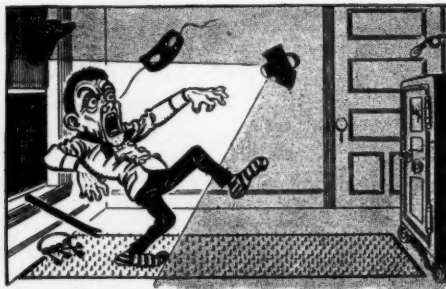
INVENTOR.—Eureka! I have it, I'm sure! Now, if some accommodating burglar will only come in and test my new burglar-carpet!

was no need to wor-ry about him an' thot Her Majesty's two hundred thousand min in Afriky was safe. An' they're not worryin', bedad! Sich is their confidence in his masterly sthrategy thot they defy De Wet an' his two thousand min to do their wor-rst!

An', besides this, Buller is in the Orange River Shtate at last an' he sinds in his little tillygram ivery day sayin' what foine throops he has an' how he has no more thraps to ray-por-rt at prisint. An' the Boers is fallin' back in the direction av Leydenberg an' the mountains. An' 't is gin'rally believed thot they will have to submit to the inivitable; but they'll have more or less toime to riconsoile thimsilves to it.



BURGLAR.—Great Finch! Dat looks like a fat crib ter crack!



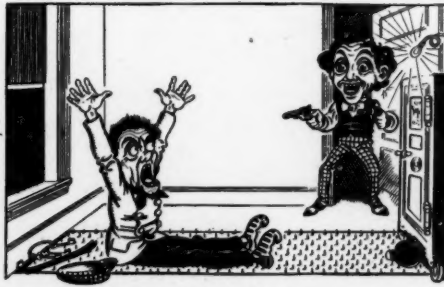
(As he lands on the carpet.—"!!!***—!!!")

JUST NOW federal legislation seems to have for its chief object the preservation of the presidential timber in Ohio.

IT is rumored that the Pretoria race-track has been closed for the season, there having been a great falling off in the attendance.



"—!!—!!—**—!!!"

THE INVENTOR (rushing in).—Hands up!
THE BURGLAR.—Oh, Heavens! if I was only all up!

THE INVENTOR.—Yes, gentlemen, it can be worked by any child—and when not in use can be rolled up and put out of the way. Mr. Burglar, I shall call on you for a testimonial to-morrow.



A REVERSIBLE ERROR.

HOUGH WOMEN make good lawyers, as a rule,
Ne'er to the bench may one be elevated;
Not that their judgment 's aught but clear and cool,
But just one trait debarring may be stated:
They might sit calm, with gravest dignity,
While lawyers wrestled o'er contentions bony;
But, e'en as judge, one could not bear, you see,
To ever keep out hearsay testimony.

Roy Farrell Greene.

LUBRICANT.

"By what right," thundered the committee of Congress, "do you presume to make money?"

"Our charter," replied the Standard Oil Company, "permits us to make all kinds of lubricants, and money is the lubricant commonly used for political machines."

The committee were profoundly impressed by this subtlety.

IN HARLEM.

"I attended a mind-reader's performance last night. It was simply wonderful."

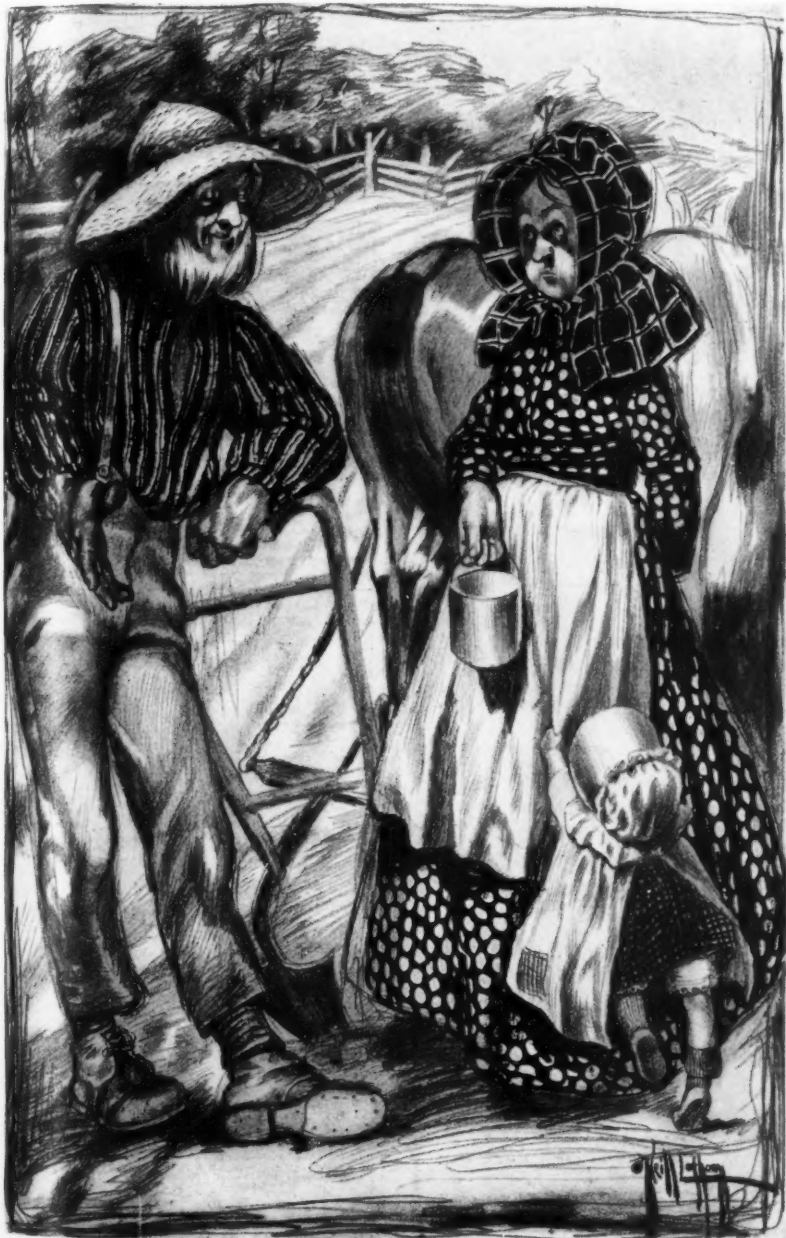
"He could read minds, could he?"

"Oh, yes! "Why, he found out that everybody in the audience was thinking about Rapid Transit."

THE RUMOR that, in making peace with Oom Paul, John Bull intends to return good for evil is semi-officially denied.

THE WAY issues are shaping up, it is going to be difficult for the average voter to guess which shell the White Man's Burden is under.

THE YELLOW newspapers get to be yellow, perhaps, by being more interested in the color of the public's money than in the color of almost anything else.



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HIS PHILOSOPHY.

SHE.—I wish I could be as contented as you!

HE.—Oh! I ain't contented—only I don't think it 's wuth while to worry about it!

La Preferencia Cigars

"30 MINUTES IN HAVANA"



IN AIR-TIGHT CANS.

Very few gentlemen care to travel without their own cigars. That's why we prepare our travellers' package of La Preferencia's. The air-tight can preserves the original flavor.

If your dealer does not sell Preferencia Cigars in sealed cans send us your name, address and \$2.50 and we will express you, charges prepaid, a can containing 25.

THE HAVANA-AMERICAN CO., Maker, New York.

INSURE...

...IN

THE TRAVELERS,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Oldest,

Largest,

and Best.

Life, Endowment, and

Accident Insurance,

OF ALL FORMS.

HEALTH POLICIES...

INDEMNITY FOR DISABILITY CAUSED BY SICKNESS.

LIABILITY INSURANCE...

Manufacturers and Mechanics, Contractors and Owners of Buildings, Horses, and Vehicles, can all be protected by policies in THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Paid-up Cash Capital, \$1,000,000.00

Liabilities, - - - \$23,730,827.61

ASSETS, - - 27,760,511.56

EXCESS, 3½% basis, 4,020,683.95

Returned to Policy Holders, \$39,734,920.89

J. G. BATTERSON, President.

S. C. DUNHAM, Vice-President.

H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

E. V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

Chester Suspenders



THE JUDGMENT of careful dressers respecting Chester Suspenders is practically unanimous. Light, neat, and stylish as inspection will prove, but absolutely unique in this—they stretch only when you do, and do not lose their stretch as others do. The "Chester" at 50c.; a cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawers supporters free to purchaser for dealer's name if he is out of them.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 33d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable luster; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 50c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

PROMOTER.—Say! are there more thin or fat people in the country?

FRIEND.—I don't know. Why?

PROMOTER.—Why, I don't know whether to advertise this new health-food as fattening, or the reverse. — *Harper's Bazar.*

There ain't no use in eating food unless you can enjoy it.
There ain't no use in appetite unless you can employ it.
There ain't no use in suffering from pangs of indigestion.
When R.I.P.A.N.S. taken now and then, will kill it beyond question.



Smith & Wesson
TRADE MARK
Revolvers
THE Worlds Standard
Catalogue of latest models for a stamp.
SMITH & WESSON,
8 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.



EAGLE POPULAR COCKTAILS

They're Popular because in material and mixing no better Cocktail was passed over any bar.

ALWAYS READY.

They're handy at home—anywhere.

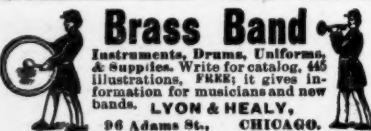
WHISKEY,
MANHATTAN,
MARTINI, GIN,
TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, etc.

ASK ANYBODY.

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries

Rheinstrom Bros.,
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

945-967 Martin Street, or
946-966 East Front Street.



Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms,
& Supplies. Write for catalog, 445
illustrations, FREE. It gives in-
formation for musicians and new
bands. **LYON & HEALY,**
96 Adams St., CHICAGO.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

"That's the best I can do for you," said the theatrical manager. "You've been idle all the season so far. Now, will you stay idle the rest of the season or take this small part?"

"I'll take it," said Lowe Comerdy. "In this case a small rôle is better than a whole loaf."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



Millions are sold each year.

A luxurious smoke at a consistent price with good quality.

A fact proved by their enormous sales.

JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3rd Ave., N. Y. City.

The best Cigar for the money.

Look for Arrow
Head on Every
Cigar.



A DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVE.

KERRIGAN.—So ye got all thot damage on the Foot' av July? Phwat th' devil was ye shooting off?

CLANCY.—Nawthing but me mouth!

Nothing is put in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne to make it ferment; the effervescence is natural; its bouquet unrivalled.

As the seasons roll around meet them in health and happiness by the aid of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. It keeps you "fit." Ask for Abbott's.

A BARGAIN.


NOWITT.—I've got a United States dollar of 1827 I'd like to dispose of. What's it worth?

NUMISMATIST.—Nothing.

NOWITT.—That so? I thought there was a premium on it.

NUMISMATIST.—No. There are lots of them in circulation. However, seeing it is you, I'll give you fifty cents for it.

NOWITT.—All right; I'll take it.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



Keeley Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.
The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these
KEELEY INSTITUTES.
Communications confidential.
Write for particulars.
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

So handy to have in the house; can be served in a minute's notice. You will not be found just out of the necessities to make a cocktail. Having tried our bottled "Cocktails," you will never be without them.



These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
29 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.



The United States Government
Guarantees
OLD OVERHOLT WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond.
Quality—Quantity—Age.
A. OVERHOLT & CO.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Low Rates West

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

ON July 9th, 17th, and August 1st the following rates will be made from Chicago for round trip, tickets good returning until October 31st:

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| Denver and return | \$31.50 |
| Colorado Springs and return | 31.50 |
| Pueblo and return | 31.50 |
| Glenwood Springs and return | 43.50 |
| Salt Lake City and return | 44.50 |
| Ogden and return | 44.50 |
| Deadwood, S. D., and return | 33.55 |
| Hot Springs, S. D., and return | 29.55 |

Particulars of any agent, or call at

481 Broadway, - New York 435 Vine St., - Cincinnati
601 Ches't St., Philadelphia 507 Smith's St., Pittsburg
368 Washington St., Boston 234 Superior St., Cleveland
301 Main St., - Buffalo 17 Campus-Martius, Detroit
212 Clark St., - Chicago 2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.

New York Central's Grand Central Station, CENTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."



Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

A pure whiskey, aged by time, mellow and palatable, is not easy to find. That is why connoisseurs have learned to ask for Trimble Green Label Whiskey.

We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phil. and N. Y., Sole Proprietors. Established 1793.



Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines
Perfection of Quality
with
Absolute Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.**

HAVE YOU TRIED KREMETTE



All lovers of good living will find in this article a delicious and palatable addition to their dinner or evening entertainment. A little "Kremette," added to a punch-glass of vanilla ice cream, will give you the successor to the Roman Punch. If you want something distinctly new, serve your guests with "Kremette Punch."

For Sale by All Grocers.
G. F. Heublich & Bro., Sole Props.
Hartford, Conn. New York, N.Y.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street, New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. L. L. Lebanon, Ohio.**

"NORTH COAST LIMITED"

Visited by
100,000 PEOPLE
on its first trip.

SEND 6¢ FOR
WONDERLAND



NORTHERN PACIFIC
1900
CHAS S. FEE, G.P.A. ST. PAUL, MINN.

PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

"Do you think a man can do as good and effective work dictating as he can with a pen?" asked the attaché of the campaign literary bureau.

"That's a foolish question," said the practical politician with the abruptness which superior knowledge sometimes affects. "You never heard of a man's dictating the signature to a check, did you?"—*Washington Star.*

A MEAN FELLOW.

MISS BEAUTI.—I think Mr. Lovelorn is just too mean for anything, and after all the favors I've shown him, too. I used to go to operas and theatres and everywhere with him, and now, when I ask him a little favor, he refuses.

FRIEND.—What did you want?

MISS BEAUTI.—I asked him to be one of the ushers at my wedding.—*New York Weekly.*

STILL SUFFERING.

HIGGS.—I see Kurmudgeon, Skinnum & Co. are advertising a "fire sale." What's their excuse for that?

WIGGS.—A very good one, they think.

HIGGS.—Why, the firm has n't suffered from fire lately.

WIGGS.—I don't know. Old Kurmudgeon died last week.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

PEDDLER.—Any tins, Ma'am?

HOUSEKEEPER (indignantly).—Those tins you sold me last week have all gone to pieces!

PEDDLER.—Yes'm. I knew you'd want some more by this time.—*New York Weekly.*

THEN SHE WANTED IT, TOO.

MRS. WILFUL.—My husband told me if I did n't like this brooch you'd exchange it for me.

JEWELER.—Certainly, Madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set wanted it.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

UP-TO-NOW.

"That's a new one at Joe's cigar shop."

"What is it?"

"He's got that wooden Pocahontas toggled out in a rainy-day skirt."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MATTER OF TRAINING.

"How gracefully that handsome Mr. Biddlecombe bends his ear down to listen to Molly Simpson's chatter!"

"Yes; he used to be a piano-tuner."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A NEW YORK physician claims to have hypnotized a boy into being good. That M. D. should lose no time visiting Norristown. He would have a wide field in which to test his wonderful powers.—*Norristown Herald.*


DAUB.—I see the custom house is going to tax that picture by Rubens twenty-seven thousand dollars.

SMUDGE.—Heavens! it must have a fine frame!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

TEACHER.—What would you call a person who is always looking into the future?

SCHOLAR.—A rubberneck, Ma'am.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The great Spring tonic—*Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters.* One teaspoonful before meals. Beware of poisonous domestic substitutes.



HUNTER RYE
is a fitting example of the mellowing influence of time. A ten year old whiskey possesses its own argument. **HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE** has won because it deserved popularity.

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers.

Wm. Lenahan & Son,
Baltimore, Md.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS

WILLIAMS'S SHAVING STICK

THE ACME OF LUXURY



THE PINNACLE OF PERFECTION

SOLD EVERYWHERE—BY MAIL 25¢ IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY CONN.
LONDON—PARIS—DRESDEN—SYDNEY

PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA.

Reduced Rates to Mt. Gretna via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., July 2 to August 8, 1900, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets to Mt. Gretna from New York, Washington, Baltimore, Frederick, Md., Canandaigua, and intermediate points, including all stations on its line in the State of Pennsylvania.

Tickets will be sold June 25 to August 8, inclusive, and will be good to return until August 13, inclusive.

LACKED A FEW THINGS ONLY.

The following letter, from an old colored citizen, strikes the Summer season fair and square:

"Mister Jimmie — Dear Fr'en' en Sir: Mister Jimmie, I feels dat I mus' 'dress dis letter ter you. Mister Jimmie, hit come ter me las' Wednesday dat I had a call ter preach. Now, Mister Jimmie, campmeetin' is comin' on lak a race-hoss on a shell road, en all I needs ter fall right inter de work is a celluloid collar, a long linen duster, a tall straw hat en' a big palmetter fan. Mister Jimmie, please come ter de rescue er de ol' man in his day en time er trouble, en you 'll git a warm welcome on de yuther side, hereafter.

"P. S. — Please sen' 'bout six palmetter fans, ez dey is powerful cheap!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

A BUSINESS HEAD.

LADY.—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.

CLERK.—How long married?

LADY.—Ten years.

CLERK.—Bargain counter to the right.—*New York Weekly*.

THE WHEREFORE OF IT.

MR. HousKEEP.—The dinner is delicious to-day, dear.

MRS. HOUSEKEEP.—Yes. The cook expects some of her friends to visit her this evening. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

"THERE'S something wrong about this story," said the editor.

"You commence by saying, 'the father and his family were chatting about the cheerful fireside,' and yet, further on, you say they lived in an apartment house."

"Excuse me," said the reporter, taking the manuscript and making some marks on it; "how will that do?"

The changed manuscript read thus: "The father and his family were chattering on the top of the cheerless radiator." — *Vonkers Statesman*.



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WE ALL KNOW.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"Oh! don't mention it."

"Well, I did hurry; but you know how time flies when one is keeping some one else waiting!"

THERE is an age when burying stories are started on a man with greater frequency than marrying stories, and he should behave accordingly. — *Atchison Globe*.

Every Dollar

paid in premiums on a policy of
Life Insurance issued by

The Prudential

is a dollar invested—an additional
guarantee of protection for your
family and business interests in
the future. The time to secure
Life Insurance is
NOW.

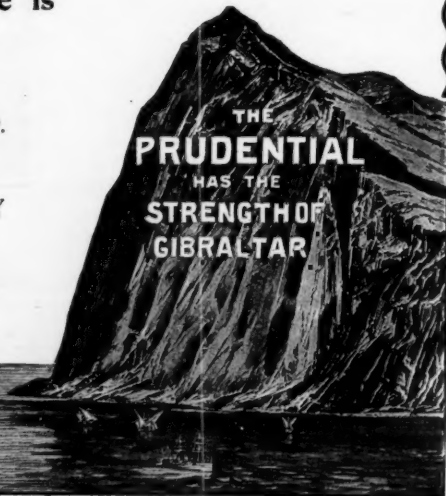
Write for particulars.

Address Department P.

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres.

HOME OFFICE:
Newark, N. J.



SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA PLUG CUT

is a mild, cool, mellow and satisfying tobacco of the highest quality and is the most popular and largest selling brand of "plug cut" smoking tobacco in the world! The reason for this is that the leaf that "Seal" is made of is cured in its own native climate—in the sunshine and balmy atmosphere of the southern states, where pipe tobacco originated. A full size trial pouch will be sent by return mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps by The American Tobacco Co.,

111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak.

The highest achievement in Pocket Photography is marked by the introduction of the

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak



Makes pictures 3½x4½ inches and GOES IN THE POCKET.

The No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodaks are made of aluminum, covered with fine morocco, have the finest Rapid Rectilinear lenses, automatic shutters, sets of three stops, scales for focusing, tripod sockets for horizontal exposures and brilliant view finders (reversible) with metal light shields. Load in daylight with Eastman's Film Cartridges for two, six or twelve exposures.

Price, \$17.50.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the
dealers or by mail.

SUMMER TOURS TO THE NORTH.

Two Tours to Canada via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Summer of 1900 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to run two personally-conducted tours to Canada and Northern New York. These tours will leave July 21 and August 11, including Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, The Saguenay, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga, occupying fifteen days; round-trip rate, \$125.

Each tour will be in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies.

The rate covers railway and boat fare for the entire round-trip, parlor-car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, and carriage hire.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

A SPRING IDYL.

MRS. SMALLOT.—Why don't you burn up that pile of trash in the lot?

MRS. SMALLOT.—Wind's the wrong way. The smoke would all blow in our own windows. — *N. Y. Weekly.*

A DOLLAR will buy a lot of necessities, but few pleasures. — *Atchison Globe.*

HOW TO ENJOY AN OUTING.

The first thought in arranging for an outing is how to secure the maximum benefits and pleasures with the minimum discomfort and disappointment, and the great increase in the number of votaries of outdoor life every year makes the question of food supplies a dominating one. Ever since the days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest, lovers of outdoor life have depended upon ale to open the way to the full enjoyment of the occasion. For centuries ale has been the inspiration and factor in making those truly happy days that cling to memory dear and never fade away. The same good old customs which prevailed in olden times are in existence to-day, as evidenced by the great increase in the ranks of the grand army of recreation seekers and their pronounced partiality for Evans' Ale, which has become famous as a summer beverage among lovers of outdoor life for the way it imparts vigor and enjoyment to an outing. Nowadays it is the inspiration of the camp, the solace of the fisherman, the joy of the golfer and the sesame of good-fellowship among all men. The zest with which it rounds off a meal adds a delight that is complete. The sparkling, frothy, bubbling way it pours out shows that health-giving beverage, ale, in its most perfect condition. Evans' is the one ale most suitable for all places, whether in the mountains, at the seashore, on a yacht or traveling by train or boat, because it is always in the same perfect condition and because it cannot spoil, no matter how abused in handling or knocking around, due to the fact that it does not contain a particle of sediment.

CRAZY TO EXPECT IT.

HARDUPPE.—Say, old fellow, lend me a hundred, will you?

RIGGS.—A hundred what?

HARDUPPE.—A hundred dollars.

RIGGS.—Oh! stop your joking!

HARDUPPE (earnestly).—Joking? I was never more serious in my life. I'm broke.

RIGGS.—My dear man, you're not broke. You're cracked! — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

IMITATION.

"I hyuh de white young lady say dat she was gwineter cut de yuthuh young lady dat made huh so mad," said Miss Miami Brown.

"It's scan'lous de way dese white folks is actin'," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Fust dey sings coon songs, den dey does cake-walks, an' now dey's gwine in foh carryin' razzers." — *Washington Star.*

AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

FOREIGNER.—Have you any American composers?

AMERICAN (proudly).—Lots of 'em. There's Schlossenwartz, Sweipieren-sciek, Mickiwitz, Ouscaspel, Sweitzer-wasserand, and ever so many more. — *New York Weekly.*

DOMESTIC REMINDERS.

WIFE.—Do you know what you remind me of?

HUSBAND.—No; but I do know what you remind me of.

WIFE.—What?

HUSBAND.—Of every little thing I forget to attend to that you ask me about. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THEY GET USED TO IT.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Don't you think it is 'cruel to shut up a bird in a little cage like that?

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh! I don't know. I have a pretty good time, and I live in a flat. — *New York Weekly.*

AGREED.

THE MISTRESS.—Bridget, you must stay until I get another girl.

BRIDGET.—That was my intenshun, anyway. Oi want her to know the koid ov a woman ye are! — *Harper's Bazar.*

LIFE.

The man who leads men mourns that he Must dwell in such publicity — While those who follow often groan O'er man's slim chances to be known. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE BLUCHER PARADOX.

"Blucher seems entirely blind to his own faults."

"That's because he takes so many eye-openers." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

GIBBER.—What is your opinion of the race problem?

HELMS.—I don't believe the English will ever be able to build a boat fast enough to win the cup back again. — *Norristown Herald.*

WHEN a family gets to depending on "family" it indicates that the brains have begun to dwindle. — *Indianapolis Journal.*

TO BE contented with what we have is about the same as to own the earth. — *Ram's Horn.*



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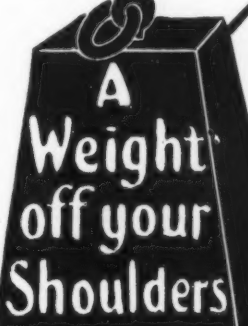
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THE average girl starts out at 18 to make a name for herself, but decides at 20 that some man's will do. — *Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

EVEN when a woman can refrain from saying, "I told you so," she always looks the part. — *Indianapolis Journal.*



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CONSOLATION.

THE CHILD.—Your bathing suit is n't as nice as the ones the other ladies have, Grandma.
GRANDMA.—No; but I guess I look better in it than I would in theirs!